

The Bee

PAUL M. MOORE, Editor and Manager.

SEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, (incorporated.)

Entered the Postoffice at Lexington as Second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, strictly in advance.....	\$1.00
Six Months.....	50
Three Months.....	30
Single Copies.....	5

Specimen copies mailed free on application.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1893.



One of his friends protests that Col. Bryan is in the race to stay. He wasn't in the war that way.—Globe-Democrat.

The catch of Spanish mackerel at Miami, Fla., has been greater this season than ever before. A good year to catch anything of that nationality.

IRISH mackerel are now the popular sort with Americans. The American product is short and the friendship of this people for the Irish seems to extend even to the fish bearing their name.

WHALEBONE is not yet obsolete and may continue for some time to come to play a part in feminine fixin's. A single bark has arrived at San Francisco with seventeen hundred pounds of that springy and valuable article valued at six thousand dollars.

The last issue of the American Newspaper Directory reports over 21,000 publications in the United States and Canada, of which but little more than one-fourth have an average circulation of 1,000. THE BEE is one of the fortunate one-fourth with an average circulation of nearly double the latter number.

AMERICANS are for expansion. All agree that this is a fact. But there is a fact that emphasizes the truth of the statement. In response to organized effort to that end the memorials against expansion which have reached the Senate contain less than 2,000 names of which 1,435 are furnished by Massachusetts.

RUSSIA is said to have forgotten her long professed friendships for the United States since this country has acquired possessions near the scenes of her present ambitions. This is unfortunate but doubtless Uncle Sam can continue to hold up his head with or without the friendship of one or more of the fellows across the big pond.

BRADSTREET's report says of the present state of business in the country: "Liken the general business of the country to that of a watercourse, it may be authoritatively stated that nearly all the channels of seasonable trade are at the present time running full, and in some lines of business the stream is virtually out of the banks."

The strength and modesty of a rugged warrior is exhibited by Gen. Lawton's brief response when called upon to speak at Montgomery, Ala. He said: "I am not an orator; I am a soldier; I was not a hero; I am a regular; I am one of the sixteen thousand regular soldiers sent to Cuba. On behalf of that part of the army I commanded I thank you, people of Alabama."

At the close of last week Dunn & Company's review of trade said some comforting things about the business of the country, thus:

December is adding a surprising close

A \$7.00 BOOK OF EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS.

Handsome, illustrated by the author, the "World's Greatest Artist." The book is the property of the late Eugene Field and the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of his beloved wife, a child of the world.

Eugene Field Memorial Service Fund, Attn. Book Stores, 100 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10c.

Mention THE BEE. A \$7.00 book is inserted as our contribution.

Given Free

to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial Service Fund.

Subscribers are entitled to receive the book and the author's personal certificate of subscription to the book.

Field's best and most representative works are ready and a ready-made book.

But for the noble author, the book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The book is the property of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of his beloved wife, a child of the world.

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the most surprising year of American history. November surpassed all other months of the century in volume of business and production, and thus far December is doing even better in payments through clearing houses, in railroad earnings, in foreign trade, in output of pig iron, in activity and strength of securities. But that is saying a great deal, for in all these and other tests November was far the best month of American financial history.

Mr. BRYAN does not seem to be the great and only leader he was reputed to be before he went to war. There are others now of Democratic persuasion who do not bow down to the earth before him. In fact his mission to Washington to tell the United States Senators and the government generally what should be done to save this great people from further wandering in darkness and the country at large from destruction seems to have been in vain. A Democratic newspaper correspondent even whispers that Mr. Bryan's "reception in Washington was decidedly chilly."

The gallant Third Kentucky Volunteers are working quietly at camp drill and discipline, being prepared better every day for the more important duties that lie before them in Cuba. Although they may not look forward to such pomp and brilliancy to attend their home coming—when they come—as has just characterized the return of the Louisville Legion—not living in the metropolis where such demonstration is only possible—their reception will be as warm-hearted and genuine when the time comes. And that there will be the best reasons for such reception no friends of the men and officers of the Third regiment entertain any sort of doubt. The most cordial good wishes and earnest prayers follow our boys to their new field of duty in Cuba, where they are to go now in a very short while.

The Country's Business.
The exports from the United States during the calendar year 1892 will exceed those of any other year in the history of the country. Up to December 2d they amounted to \$1,117,681,199, and for the year will reach a total of \$1,250,000,000. Only twice before have the exports reached the billion mark. The total of imports for 1892 will be less than for any calendar year since 1885.

Confederate Dead.
President McKinley's suggestion that the care of the national government be given to Confederate graves as well as to the national cemeteries now occupied by the Union soldiers who lost their lives in the civil war has received hearty endorsement throughout the country. It is said that this idea was put into Mr. McKinley's mind some years ago by a visit to Fredericksburg where he found a national cemetery and the burial place of the Confederate dead side by side in strong contrast. It is claimed that if a bill to give effect to the suggestion shall be reported from a committee, it will receive an almost unanimous support from the North. The people of the South are showing by their most hospitable reception to President McKinley how they appreciate his conduct of the war and the government and his kindly suggestions as to the Confederate dead.

It is a happy suggestion at an opportune time. And, by the way, the President has the faculty of making such suggestions at such times. But this one thing seems left to complete the cementing with brotherly love of South and North—to completely obliterate all traces of the old sectionalism. Let us decorate our graves together.

LOCAL OPTION FIGHT

Will Come Up Before the Next Legislature.

Frankfort, Dec. 19.—The fight made by the temperance organization and the ministers of the Gospel for a sweeping local option law during the closing days of the late Legislature will be resumed at the opening of the next General Assembly; in fact, it has already been quietly begun, and from present indications will be more vigorous than before. The Roberts Local Option Bill, which proposed to so amend the present law as to make the county the unit in local option towns instead of incorporated towns or districts, is to be revived by its author, who is a hold-over Senator, as the story is told, and a well organized campaign is to be made in every county in the State to select legislators who will support it and help to enact it into a law.

Marriages in Christian.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Dec. 19.—H. M. McKinney and Miss Hattie Cummings were married tonight at the residence of M. F. Dulin, near Crofton.

William Hays and Miss Lucy Crabtree were married tonight in this city by Rev. W. L. Parker.

"The West India Flyer" is now through from St. Louis to Jacksonville and Tampa, Fla., over the Mobile and Ohio, connecting at the latter point with steamers for Key West, Havana and Porto Rico. The country "do grow."

FROM MCKINLEY'S GREAT SPEECH

Some of the Gems of Thought he Dropped at Atlanta.

His Suggestion of National Care for Confederate Graves.

Sectional lines no longer mar the map of the United States.

Sectional feelings no longer hold back the love we bear for each other.

Fraternity is the national anthem, sung by a chorus of forty-five states and territories at home and beyond the sea. The union is once more the common altar of our love and loyalty, our devotion and sacrifice.

The old flag again waves over us in peace with new glories which your sons and ours have this year added to its sacred folds. What cause we have for rejoicing, saddened only by the fact that so many of our brave men fell on field or sickness, and died from hardship and exposure, and others returning bring wounds and disease from which they will long suffer. The memory of the dead will be a precious legacy and the disabled will be the nation's care.

A nation which cares for its disabled soldiers as we have done will never lack defenders. The national cemeteries for those who fell in battle are proof that the dead as well as the living have our love. What an army of silent sentinels we have and with what loving care their graves are kept.

Every soldier's grave made during our unfortunate civil war, is a tribute to American valor. And while those graves were made we differed widely about the future of this government, these differences were long ago settled by the arbitration of arms, and the time has now come in the evolution of sentiment and feeling under the Providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of the confederate soldiers.

The cordial feeling now happily existing between the North and the South prompts this gracious act, and if it needed further justification, it is found in the gallant loyalty to the union and the flag, so conspicuously shown in the year just passed, by the sons and grandsons of those heroic dead.

What a glorious future awaits us, if unitedly, wisely and bravely we face the new problems now pressing upon us, determined to solve them for right and humanity."

BURGLARY.

Eighty-five Dollars and a Revolver Taken From the Bed-room of

MRS. CHRISTIAN TUESDAY NIGHT.

Tuesday night a burglar entered the front window of Mrs. Christian's bed-room in her residence on Railroad street in this city and took from a compartment in her dresser two purses and a revolver. The purses were Mrs. Christian's, containing \$40 in cash, and Mrs. Patterson's, containing \$45. Mrs. Patterson is a cousin of Mrs. Christian, and wife of Mr. C. H. Patterson, who is in the employ of the L. & N. R.R. Co., and she had left her purse with Mrs. Christian. The revolver was a 38-calibre. Mrs. Christian was sleeping in the room at the time. Nothing else was disturbed. The key had been left in the door of the dresser compartment where the purses and revolver repose and the thief did not need to seek further. But the circumstances would seem to indicate that the job was done by some one familiar with the premises. There was a track of mixed mud from the yard on the porch near the window but of such indistinct character that it could not even be told whether the thief was barefooted or wore shoes. No clue was left behind.

Toll Gates Open.

Carrollton, Ky., Dec. 19.—The Fiscal Court this evening bought the three remaining toll turnpikes in this county, a total of twenty-four miles at the price of \$21,000. The gates will be thrown open tomorrow.

Christmas is Coming.

Philadelphia North American.

Ab, the jingle of the bells!

What a jingle of shekels their melody foretells.

As they fall bright and clear.

At this season of the year,

Playing frosty old Kris Kringle

With a jingle, jingle, jingle,

Like a bell, bells, bells,

And the joyful Christmas bells—

Acting happy old Kris Kringle.

How the blood is set a-tingle,

As you listen to the jingle

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.

To the jingle of the joyful Christmas bells!

Advice to

Consumptives

Coal dealers say the demand for coal is good enough, but that the price is rather high in proportion to the heavy demand.

The Co-operative Coal Company say they are over one hundred cars behind on orders thus far, and still they come.

Secretary Atkinson says that with mild weather for one month his company might possibly catch up with orders.

The Hedges Coal Company received a good offer for coal from a southern point, last week, but they, too, complain of their inability to fill present orders promptly.

Secretary Bailey, of the Reinecke Coal Company, did not suffer the mine to remain idle long last week when the machinery broke down, but had the damage speedily repaired.

Mr. J. B. Atkinson, President of the St. Bernard Coal Company, has just returned from a trip up the Jellico coal region and reports that the coal companies up there are complaining as those here, that they are unable to fill orders.

The question is asked, Why such an unprecedented demand for coal this year? and we must take for an answer the opinion of a leading coal dealer who accounts for the great demand on the ground of failure of consumers to stock any coal for winter.

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Industry we Thrive.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Mary and Joe Mothershead went last Sunday in Hanson with their aunt.

Miss Emma Mills, of Manitowoc, has friends in Earlington several days last week.

Mr. W. H. Lynn, of Madisonville, is suffering from a severe paralytic stroke and much fear is entertained as to his recovery or improvement.

A letter from Rev. C. C. Hall to his friends, through THE BEE, will be found in another column. He has many friends here who will be glad to read this good Christmas letter from his pen.

Quite a distressing accident occurred at Nebo, Hopkins county, when young Hazel Tilford, son of Dr. F. P. Tilford, got his right foot badly mashed between the bumpers of two coal cars.

Elder J. W. Gant, general evangelist representing the South Kentucky Christian Missionary Association, spent a day in Earlington last week in conference with Elder I. H. Teel and others concerning home missionary work.

While in Madisonville examining the way the war revenue law is being observed, Deputy Collector Will Feland took occasion to compliment our accommodating County Clerk, Jno. B. Brasher, on the careful manner in which the latter was complying with the measure.

Christmas Ball at Dawson Springs.

Dawson Springs Christmas doings will be embellished by a masquerade ball to be given the evening of December 27th at the opera house. The young men of Dawson Springs are preparing to make this a social event of some magnitude and full of enjoyment.

Christmas at Grapevine. A Christmas entertainment and Christmas tree at Grapevine is announced. The time for the enjoyment of this function is fixed at 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, December 24th. All are invited to attend and contribute to the enjoyment of the occasion by using the tree as a means of exchange of presents.

Electrician Shocked. At Henderson Sunday night Andy Hussell superintendent of the electric light works received 1,000 volts in his body and fell from a pole while trying to straighten out tangled wires. He was pronounced in a serious condition. Damage was done to the electric plant to the amount of about \$3,000 and the telephone property was damaged several hundred dollars worth.

Masonic Election. Circular letters are out calling members of E. W. Turner Lodge, No. 548, F. and A. M., to meet on election night, Tuesday, Dec. 27, for the purpose of closing the business for this and electing officers for the ensuing year. A full attendance is urged and the members are reminded of the matter of dues.

Dentistry. Dr. R. T. Dishman has moved his office to the residence of Mr. James B. Head, near the postoffice and solicits the patronage of the public.

Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam. A physician can prescribe Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam. The formula is on the package. Cures your cough in day. Very pleasant to take. Children cry for it. Large size bottles, price 25c and 50c. For sale by St. Bernard Drug Store.

For a beautiful complexion use Dr. Carlstedt's German Liver Powder. Miss Minnie Bourland, of the Earlington public school, will leave Monday for Louisville, where she goes to attend the Kentucky State Teachers Association.

Planter's CUBAN OIL cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Hernia and Sores. Price, 25 cents. Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

Most Shoes are made of leather, but that is the only thing about them that is alike. The designing, cutting, fitting, sewing, soling, must all come in before the shoe is a shoe, and it depends upon how these are done, whether the shoe is as good as it should be or not. The firm of PINGREE & SMITH says:

"There's nothing like Leather, If it's well put together."

Our earnest effort for about twenty long years has been to sell shoes made of good leather, well put together. Most of our shoes come direct from the manufacturer to us. We buy from shoe makers who understand their business, and stand behind their work, enabling us to see to it that you 'get your money's worth' when you buy your shoes of us.

WE WANT YOU TO MAKE OUR SHOES.

BALL AND BIRD SUPPER.

Christmas Festivities at Morton's Gap To-morrow Night.

Messrs. B. W. Davis and Will Kimmons are fathoming a novel and very attractive social entertainment to be given at Morton's Gap tomorrow, Friday evening, Dec. 23, at the town hall. It is to be a ball and bird supper. Those who will not or can not dance may eat birds and look at their more nimble-footed neighbors. Those who delight to dance may both dance and eat and pay the piper. Neat invitations have been issued, and everything will be arranged for the comfort and pleasure of those who attend. A cloak room is one of the features. The gentlemen's names above mentioned are sufficient guarantee of the proposed evening of enjoyment.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this county for years, and is a regular prescription.

It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHERNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Miss Sullivan's Party.

On Tuesday evening of last week Miss Lizzie Sullivan, the popular and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Sullivan of this place, gave a very charming entertainment to a large party of friends. The evening was most enjoyable. Besides the young folks of Earlington who were guests of the evening the following from a distance took part in the pleasures of the evening: Miss Maggie Deveny and Mr. John Deveny, of Evansville; Miss Georgia Bishop and Mr. Will Mills, of Madisonville; Miss Daisy Giannini, of Providence; Miss Emma Mills, of Manitowoc; Mrs. Jesse Kellner, of Henderson; and the following young gentlemen from Nashville: Messrs. Frank Monahan, Harry Kiely, Joe Anderson and Jimmie Noonan.

Good for the Children.

Mrs. Ella Hinson, of Hinton, Ala., writes us August 12th, 1898, "I advise all mothers to give their children the Nubian Tea, as they are pure or fresh. I keep this medicine in the house and when the children are ailing I give them a dose and that is the last of it."

Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store.

Tobacco Stemmers Strike.

Providence, Ky., Dec. 19.—The tobacco stemmers in the several factories here went on strike Friday, the strikers asking 40 cents per 100 for stemming, and the companies are only paying 30 cents.

The matter was finally compromised by the factory men agreeing to pay 33½ cents per hundred. The men will return to work as usual today.

Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam.

A physician can prescribe Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam. The formula is on the package. Cures your cough in day. Very pleasant to take. Children cry for it. Large size bottles, price 25c and 50c. For sale by St. Bernard Drug Store.

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WE WANT YOU TO MAKE OUR SHOES.

REV. C. C. HALL

Writes a Christmas Letter to His Friends.

EDITOR BEE:—I have not forgotten your generous offer that you made me when I was taking my departure from Earlington, that space would be allotted me to communicate to my friends at intervals, through the columns of THE BEE, and now allow me, sir, to thank you for this privilege, for I certainly esteem it as such, and take pleasure at this time in writing a few lines in token of our friendship and the high esteem in which we hold the good people of Earlington.

To begin, I will not say "I take my pen in hand, etc.," but will say that at last we have found a name for the boy "that is as plump as an orange." We thought we would give him a short name and finally settled on the familiar Benjamin Henry, and for short call him Benjie. In connection with this topic I will not forget to add that all the congratulatory letters from the Earlingtonians were received in due time, as well as the admonition of Brother F. B. Arnold to immediately buy a No. 9 hat to keep my head from bursting. For congratulations accept our thanks; for admonition, will seriously consider.

As Christmas draws near I am thinking of the wonderful gift to the world. We all expect to give and to receive presents soon, but friends, let us think of that heavenly gift that has come into the world for everyone. You and I are included in this great gift. We may have the benefits of this great blessing, though we be rich or poor. Let us not forget that we have a precious gift, in value far above rubies, tendered us. When I am thinking of this wonderful gift my heart rebounds with gladness when I know it is for me.

And this gift that brings me gladness is not for me alone, but for all my friends, then this thought only causes me to rejoice with greater joy. And now while you all will mingle as in times of yore remember that though I am here amid other friends, yet I will remember your kindness to me at many times while there, and will pray that at this time more people will accept the heavenly gift in your city than at any other time in the history of Earlington.

With deep regret did I read the funeral notice of Brother Edwin Phillips, so kindly sent me by Brother Burr, as well as the full account in THE BEE. At this late date I extend sympathy to the family, and to the children, I truly sympathize with you, for God called my father when I was only nine years of age.

The very day Sister Hall arrived here she received notice of her father's death. We all have our afflictions, but He who gave his son to the world gives grace to uphold us in our afflictions.

With sadness do I read each week of the illness of my old friend Mr. Day, and wish I could be with him, and the family, to point them to God. But I know there are others there who could do more for me than I, and I content myself by knowing they will do all that human hands can do.

So the "hoss editor" has returned and writes in his old familiar style. I wrote him while at Dawson to visit me, but I never have heard from him, but will add in parenthesis, I do not think the people still hunt in this county.

Yes we like this country. The people are good and we have backs bones, spare ribs and sausage gale—good old country sausage.

When can we come? Well I can't say just now, but if we ever get into the Green River country we will give Earlington a call.

You should be here and sit by our fire a huge fire place with logs piled up just like we read about and we keep warm, and I keep warm cutting those logs getting them ready for the fire place. When the fire is made I enjoy it but when the wood is to cut I wish I had the largest load of coal ever loaded by the St. Bernard Company. There is no coal mines nearer this place than Crabtree mines and only two or three families around here burn coal.

But I will close for this time promising to write again soon. I would be glad to receive letters from any of my friends.

Wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am, Yours, C. C. HALL, Hickory Grove, Ky., Dec. 19, '98.

Best way to Invest 25 Cents.

ANTIOCH, Miss., July 1st, 1898.

New Spencer Medicine Co.

I want to tell you what I think of young Nubian Tea. I have used it myself and, it is all that you claim for it. It is the best Liver Medicine I ever tried. It is just the thing to take if you feel bad and are bilious.

A. B. LANCASTER.

Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store.

Mighty Thin.

A farmer down in Robertson County had a novel experience. In 1891 he built a small barn, and in its construction he used green willow posts at the corners and along the sides. For some time nothing unusual was noticed, but after a year he saw that, whereas, he laid the floor near the ground, it was three feet above the soil.

He discovered that the willow posts, instead of being dead, were alive and had taken root and were growing. In their upward movement they had carried the barn along. Last spring the barn was on stilts nine feet high, and he put in a new siding thereby making it a two-story affair. There is now a space of seven inches between the new floor and the ground, and he expects to have a three-story barn in course of time.—Greenville Banner.

Both occasions are looked forward to by the St. Charles people with much pleasant anticipation.

Wonderful Discovery.

LONDON, April 15, 1898.

New Spencer Medicine Co.

Dear Sirs.—I have been troubled with liver and stomach complaint. I had no appetite and my general health was very bad. I took medicine from four different doctors and they failed to do me any good. I got relief from a Dr. T. L. T. of Louisville, Ky. I paid about two dollars worth of it, and it did me good than all the medicine I ever took.

I have gained thirty-five pounds in weight and my health is very good. I can sleep soundly and my appetite is excellent. I can recommend Planter's Nubian Tea to the world as being a God-send to any community. Any one who doubts this statement can write to me.

Oscar BAXTER.

Sold by St. Bernard Drug Store.

Church Entertainments at St. Charles.

The people of the Christian Church at St. Charles are making great preparations to give a notable Christmas entertainment at the church on Christmas eve. A mammoth Christmas tree will be the central feature of the evening.

The Methodist congregation of St. Charles are arranging to have a novel and very attractive Christmas entertainment also. There is to be a "Rainbow" in lieu of the conventional "tree." Just what the rainbow will bring forth and whether there is a large bag of gold or Christmas presents at the end of it will be discovered by those who attend.

Both occasions are looked forward to by the St. Charles people with much pleasant anticipation.

It is a new plaster.

A new combination of new methods. Entirely unlike any other plaster.

The Triumph of Modern Medical Science.

The Perfect Product of years of Patient Toll.

Place over the chest it is a powerful aid to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the treatment of all throat and lung affections.

Placed over the stomach, it stops nausea and vomiting; over the bowels, it controls cramps and colic.

Placed over the head, it relieves all congestion from the kidneys and greatly strengthens weakness.

For sale by St. Bernard Drug Store.

It is a new plaster.

Want to buy a splendid stock farm? 1,250-acre river farm. Five dollars per acre. Write Edgar Whittemore, Grand Rivers, Ky.

Burned With Powder.

Little Charley Egloff had his hands badly burned with powder the other night. His brother Joe had brought a powder keg from the mines and scraped out about a half teacup of the dampened powder which had stuck to the can. Joe put it into a coal shovel and had Charley hold it while he threw a small amount of the wet stuff into the fire. Well, it exploded and some fire was thrown on the shovel setting off the powder there and burning the boy's hands. No other damage was done.

Following is the program for the meeting:

Catarrhal Pneumonia in children—Dr. J. D. Timmons. Discussion open.

Diphtheria—Dr. R. L. Bone. Discussion open.

Bronchitis—Dr. E. T. Almon. Discussion open.

Endometritis—Dr. J. D. Sory. Discussion open.

Endometritis—Dr. J. D. Sory. Discussion open.

All physicians of the county are urgently requested to be present.

W. N. BAILEY, Sec.

Digest Your Food.

Ninety per cent of all sickness is caused by food, being poorly digested, it creates poisons and goes into your blood and then are liable to almost any disease the human system is heir to. Use Dr. Carlstedt's German Liver Powder and watch the results. You will feel the good effects after taking one dose. Give it a trial and be convinced. Price 25c. For sale by St. Bernard Drug Store.

Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam Cures Your Cough. Just the medicine for children.

W. N. BAILEY, Sec.

Christmas at Nebo.

A postal card from Elder W. S. Payne, of Princeton, written on the 17th instant, says he hopes to preach to the Morton's Gap congregation of the Christian Church once more before the close of the year and expects to do so on Christmas night. He writes further about his new church building at Princeton saying, "Winter has for the present frozen our church building but a few days of good weather and we will be under roof."

Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by disease is the worst form of slavery. Geo. D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters she is wonderfully improved, and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle-working medicine is a godsend to the sickly, run down people.

NINTH YEAR.

NO. 180

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1898.—SUPPLEMENT.

STORE NEWS!!



Some of the Good Things
in the Big ...

St. Bernard Store

in all Departments.
Full Stock ...

Shoes for Everybody.

As we always have, so have we now—the best things on earth in Shoes for everybody of any age. Nothing but the most substantial and genuine stock. All at the most reasonable prices. . . . Specialties—For Ladies: The choice styles made by Drew, Shelly & Co. For Men: The best things from the big factory of J. S. Nelson. . . .

Fall & Winter Clothing.

Large variety of HONEST, SUBSTANTIAL, and Stylish Goods. Last Cut and Finish, NOTHING, SHODDY. At the most reasonable prices. Quality and Style beyond question. \$5 to \$15 Suit.

Blankets.

Big and Broad and Thick and Warm Made of Sheep's Wool. Elegant things and Cheap. Genuine Goods. All Good Bargains. . . .

Overcoats.

Latest Nobby Things. Fit Everybody. Quality Guaranteed. Fine Goods. Warm Goods. Strong Goods. No trouble to buy as it takes so little money

Millinery.

Nobby selections of late styles in Sailor's and Walking Hats. Also a Choice lot of Caps for children and little tots.

Capes and Jackets.



Groceries.

No other stock so complete and fresh outside a large city. Every necessary and luxury that is made or grows to eat. Our reputation for honest goods and honest values is sustained in a marked degree in our Big Grocery Department, and as to canned goods we have everything in cans that can be canned:—Fruits, Vegetables, Syrups, Meats, Fish, canned by canners that can can. We can't tell the story here but our shelves talk. Choice Goods, Close Prices.

DEAD AND DOWN TIMBER.

Report of Special Indian Agent Jenkins to Commissioner of Indian Affairs Jones.

SOURCE OF THE CHIPPEWA TROUBLES.

The Loggers Cut Not Only the Dead and Down Timber, but the Green and Standing as Well, and Then Swindle Their Indian Laborers Out of Their Due at Every Turn.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Special Indian Agent Jenkins, in a report just submitted to Commissioner of Indian Affairs Jones, on the investigation of the timber operations on the Chippewa reservation in Minnesota, makes some statements which are radically different from those in other reports. He says that during the last fiscal year 44,919,942 cubic feet of standing pine timber cut and hauled there was sold at an average of \$4.78 per thousand. There were 32 camps in operation, and there was 88 1/3 per centage of the wages due the laborers in the camps after settlement. On the diminished reservation, the special agent says, there were 22,265,307 feet cut and hauled, sold at \$4.95 per thousand, and the laborers were paid 95% per cent of the amount due them on settlement. He states that the trouble was in the management of the camps, and in the system itself.

HATEFUL OUT OF THEIR WAY.

Owing to the inability of many of the camps to pay out, and as, under the rules, the laborers' claims were the last to be paid, scores of Indians working there did not receive the wages they expected, hence serious complaint arose. Of 53 camps in operation the past fiscal year, many employed less than 10 per cent Indian labor, and very few had over 50 per cent, the Indian labor average being from 15 to 20 per cent. The system of stores maintained by the camps, with their exorbitant prices, it is believed, was the chief cause of the trouble. It is stated to have been great disaffection. The bills presented to the agent for settlement by the various supply committees, who furnished the camps with the necessary groceries, etc., during logging operations, were not, as a rule, properly itemized, and while they can not be said to be exorbitant, the special agent says they are loosely made out, with no apparent check on purchases, and give "abundant opportunity for fraud and embezzlement."

CHIEF SOURCE OF COMPLAINT.
The chief source of all the Indians' complaints was that the green timber of the reservation was being ruthlessly cut down and destroyed under pretense of being dead and down timber. At five councils held with the Indians from various portions of the reservation, Mr. Jenkins says they, to a man, vehemently protested against further cutting of the so-called dead down timber. They are convinced, he says, that more than one-half of the timber cut at the camps has been of the best green and growing pine, and that they are realizing little or nothing from it. On many of the tracts of the diminished reservation the agent says he found these complaints well founded, and that evidences of the clever cutting of everything merchantable were abundant everywhere. Of 3,000 or 4,000 logs he found cut and skidded on several tracks, he says fully 60 per cent were

THE INDIANS' WISHTES.
"The Indians, however," he concluded, "are desirous of having the timber operations resumed on the basis of common sense and common honesty. They favor the selling outright of all this pine timber at not less than two dollars per thousand for Norway and three dollars for white, as it stands, or the putting in of mills by the government under the Menominee plan. Either, I think, would result satisfactorily."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Burlington Train Flagged and Stopped Within a Foot of a Horse Caught in a Crossing.

Evansville, Ill., Dec. 20.—Hurlington train No. 55 was flagged and stopped, Sunday night, within a foot of a 1,500 pound horse caught by the foot in a crossing. Oscar Dooling, a farmer, and sister, who were driving a team in the darkness, released one horse and cleared the south track in a buggy as fast as freight passed. The young woman had a half mile to get help and a lantern at the edge of the town.

Death of a Once Famous Police Captain.

New York, Dec. 19.—Former 1st Captain, John J. Mount died suddenly of heart failure last night, aged 80. Capt. Mount was appointed to the municipal police force in 1850, became a captain in 1861, and distinguished himself in the draft riots of war times.

Victims of Trichinosis.

Columbus, O., Dec. 17.—A special to the Dispatch from Hillsboro says two girls have died and the remainder of a family of eight are suffering and are expected to die of trichinosis contracted by eating pork the family had killed.

Letter Writer Punished by the Bills.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 20.—Wm. Burt, one of the oldest residents of the upper peninsula, died here. He was distinguished as the inventor of the solar compass and typewriter of the first typewriter.

Death of the Solar Compass Dead.

Kenosha, Wis., Dec. 20.—Edward Bain, president of the Bain Wagon Co., died from heart trouble at Pensacola, Fla. Mr. Bain was rated one of the richest men in southern Wisconsin.

A fight is on over the unexpired term of the Morganfield postoffice. Miss Vaupel, an efficient deputy, is a leading candidate.

Ex-Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, is a candidate for Mayor of the city of Chicago.

A powder magazine, situated in the center of a Chinese camp, has exploded, killing, it is said, 3,000 soldiers and leveling a square mile of houses.

GUilty of Manslaughter.

A Homicide Crime for Which Two Young Brothers Must Serve Terms in the Penitentiary.

Chillicothe, O., Dec. 19.—Two men, Elmer and George Butler, aged, respectively, 20 and 13, were yesterday found guilty of manslaughter, and will serve a term in the penitentiary for the murder of Daisy Hrovner, a young girl. The crime was in the helms one, and at the trial it was proven that the girl had been shot down from ambush for no cause whatever. The defense made an attempt to prove that insanity ran in the Butler family, but the jury could not be convinced. The jury rendered the verdict at 10:30 yesterday morning, having been out since seven o'clock Saturday night.

FATAL COASTING ACCIDENT.

One Man Killed and Eleven Persons Injured, Two Seriously, by the Collision of a Ship and a Steamer.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 19.—As a result of a coasting accident at Turtle Creek, eight miles from Pittsburgh, Joseph West, aged 30, is dead and 11 others injured, two seriously. The ship collision at the bottom of a steep hill and hurtled the party with great force in every direction. The two seriously injured are W. B. Mufley, both legs broken, and Joseph Conner.

SENIOR MONTE RIOS' WAIL.

An Interview with M. De Blowitz, the Paris Correspondent of the London Times.

A PAINFUL MISSION IS FULFILLED.

The Spaniards Knew They Had to Deal with an Implacable Conqueror—The Americans Have Acted as "Valquerdes Purvses," but May Yet Know What It Is to suffer Defeat.

London, Dec. 19.—The following is an extract from the interview between Senor Montero Rios, president of the Spanish peace commission, and M. De Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, published in that paper. Senor Montero Rios is quoted as saying:

"We have fulfilled here a very painful mission in so far as it is impossible to dream of looking forward with any satisfaction, but that of doing our duty. We depart without other compensation than the exclamation: 'Tout est perdu hors l'honneur.' (All is lost honor.)

"We knew in advance that we should have to deal with an implacable conqueror, who would in no way concern himself with any pre-existing international law, but whose sole object was to reap victory from the largest possible advantage. This conception of international law is absolutely new. It is no longer a case of might against right, but of might without right. As for us, we had only to protect ourselves against the Spanish, and to do this we had to adopt a policy of conciliation and direct upon them to prove, in spite of our blunders and mistakes, that we had not compromised the proverbial loyalty to the Castilian fatherland.

"Misfortune also has grandeur. The Americans have noted as 'Valquerdes purvses' (Up start conquerors.) They do not yet know the misfortune of defeat, but there are things which, in being the most fortunate nations can not escape—when they, too, will have had reverses—when they will have become homogeneous and are no longer obliged to satisfy the exigencies of political parties, they, too, will form, like all other nations with a past, a code of international rights and duties, and be less inflexible towards those who have suffered defeat. They will better understand that a strict observance of conditions agreed to, even in the thick of a fight, is a guarantee and a protection for all concerned, for the conqueror as well as the vanquished."

Gen. Merritt Home Again.

New York, Dec. 18.—Maj.-Gen. Wesley Merritt, the late commander of the United States military forces in the Philippine Islands, from which post he was called to Paris, to consult with the American peace commissioners, reached this city on board the steamer *Lucania* from Queenstown. With Gen. Merritt were his bride, her mother, Mrs. Norman Williams, and Norman Williams, Jr., of Chillicothe, and Capt. L. H. Strother, aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Merritt.

The Civilian Reservation Gold Belt.

Spokane, Wash., Dec. 17.—There is great excitement here over repeated rich strikes in Republic Camp on the Civilian reservation. It is now demonstrated that the gold belt is at least seven miles long and three miles wide and that in that area rich ore chute are being discovered almost daily.

Colonel Tice Cleared at Havana.

New York, Dec. 18.—A force of Cubans will police Havana temporarily. Col. Monson, of the Second Illinois, will have command, and the officers will be Americans. Most of the men will be enlisted from Mexican's command, and be required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

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Death of Henry A. Chapin, the Michigan Multi-millionaire.

Niles, Mich., Dec. 18.—Henry A. Chapin, the multi-millionaire mine owner and richest man in Michigan, died Friday night at his home in this city. He was 80 years old. Deceased leaves a widow and one son, C. A. Chapin, of Chicago. He was estimated to be worth from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000. Death was caused by old age.

The President's Assurance.

Rome, Dec. 18.—In response to the vaticans inquiry on the subject, President McKinley has assuredly assured that the Catholics in Cuba will be protected in their religious exercises. The French foreign office, and the members of the American colony of this city, are to be given full protection and that the Spanish will be allowed to remain in the country.

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San Francisco, Dec. 18.—The Daily News, commenting upon recent gun trials at Sandy Hook, says: "The Americans have only to give their minds to it to become the first militarists in the world. In fact, an American artillerist on the war path deserves the most serious notice of all whom it concerns."

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San Francisco, Dec. 18.—Richard S. Walsh, for more than thirty-four years pastor of St. Bridget's church, died at his old hotel, the Inglenook, on the first floor. He was 80 years old. Deceased left a widow and one son, C. A. Chapin, of Chicago. He was estimated to be worth from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000. Death was caused by old age.

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THE DAWNING OF THE YEAR.

When the snowflakes of December robe the earth in white, And the trees in dazzling beauty decorate the wintry night. We wait till the old year vanish like a ghost, till the music of the sleighbells and the dirges of the blast. We bless it for its kindness and we sigh across the heart graves it has left most solemnly we tread; But we brush away a tear, and gaudiness as we brush away a tear, To pleasures which still hold it within the glad New Year.

When it dawns in all its glory we shall put the past away, And the year to come, greet its bright, initial day. The sun will burst in grandeur on the earth it brings. And the winter today will touch the heart's melodious stirrings. Oh, when it breaks upon the world may every heart depart, And may it bring joyously in every human heart; For everywhere the land and sea the millions wait to cheer. Those banners in splendor wave above the glad New Year.

I can almost see its footprints in the soft and fleecy snow. And hear its winter anthems as it has been to me and to all For Father Time is standing 'twixt the now year and the old. He rings for one a paring dirge, for one the dirge of the old. Ay, in the crisp, clear night he stands, a smile upon his face, And wishes joy, the smile he rings, for a bright heart race; For in the sweet tones of the better what heart can never hear? The promises of the year that crown the dawning of the year?

—New York Clipper.

A LEGEND OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

This is the 20th of January, 1871, said Dame Madeline, laying down her knitting with a sorrows look in her brown, shrivelled face, like one about to tell a strange story. I'm 91 years old today. I have lived to see many wonderful changes. I have seen the French at Berlin and the Germans in Paris, and now I thank the God that these good old eyes of mine can see but little more evil in this world.

It is seldom enough that I stir from home now, for my limbs are not so limous now as they used to be in the days of the grand Empereur, when I danced down the floor with glee at our fete of Dances (Easter) and New Year's eve and prayed for the soul of my young lord, Henri de Mortemart, for it was upon that day that he shamed his greatest sin, and sorely indeed was he punished for it. May God have mercy upon his soul! You say you would like to hear the tale? Well, there are not many gentlemen who would care to sit and listen to an old woman's idle stories, so if you're good enough to wish to learn it you shall have it, and welcome.

There's but little remaining now of the old chateau of Mortemart, and if monsieurs the marquis could come back to it he would hardly know his own home again, for the old people have up in '70 they nearly left one stone upon another. You can just see a half-timbered corner of one of the towers, and that's all. But in the days before the revolution what a place it was! Such feasting all day long! Such music and dancing and gayety of every kind! Such troops of servants in rich liveries, and fine gentlemen with laced coats and silver belted swords, and brilliant ladies with powdered hair, and glittering with jewels like the shrine of the Holy Virgin in the cathedral yonder. But to pay for all this splendor we the people had to make out of nottess and to go without fire in winter, and that's why I glad the times are changed now.

M. Henri was the only child, but his father, the great marquis, had adopted a young lady, the daughter of an old friend of his who had been killed by his side at the battle of Minden. These were all that lived in the house, but there were always plenty of young gentlemen from the neighborhood hanging about the chateau—and well there might be when such a pretty girl as Mlle. Adele was in it. It would take a good hour to tell you of all her admirers, but the two gayest and wildest of them all were Gaston de St. Cyr, and Raymond de Mercourt, whom they used to call the Black Eagle.

Holy St. Joseph! What a wild set they were, those young gentlemen! I can remember as if it were yesterday (though I am a good bit older now) how they used to racket about the streets of the town at night, kissing every pretty girl they met and pricking every quiet old brougher with their swords till he jumped and hallooed like a dancer at a fair. It was no use complaining, for no one dared to touch a gentleman in those days, and once, when the mayor ventured to object to their doings, they answered by hanging a dead dog at his door with a piece of paper in its mouth saying, "A ton ton, mon frere!" (In your turn, brother.) Then did they dream, then, that their own friends and kinmen were to be hung along those streets in the very same way only a few years later.

But there was one among the roisterers so different from the rest that he quite put me in mind of that picture of St. Antoine among the devounce which hangs above the font in our church. This was young Armand de Conval, who had been bred up for the church, only his elder brother died suddenly and left him heir to the family property. But every one said he would have done much better for an abbe than for a lord, he was so grave and so gentle and so quiet, hardly ever speaking or lifting his eyes from the ground. Our wild young gentlemen used to make fun of him, as you may think, but he bore it all with a quiet smile, till at last he got tired and left off.

Now, of course, there was a good deal of talk in our neighborhood about the young lady and her admirers, and plenty of guesses were made as to who would be the man. Some said it was M. Henri, while others declared that, having been brought up together like brother and sister, they would never think of each other in any other way. Most people were for M. de Mercourt, and indeed it wouldn't have been easy to find a hand-somer or a bolder man if he only had not been terribly wild, but just then a thing fell out which gave us all something else to think about.

It was a cold, blustery little day over France that summer of 1785, and the old men shook their heads and said that if we didn't get some rain soon it would be all over with the harvest. This was bad news for us poor folks, who had little enough to live on anyhow, but upon it came another piece of news that we liked still less—namely, that several dogs of the neighborhood had gone mad and were running about the country biting every one whom they met.

Now, one evening about that time Mlle. Adele went out to stroll among the trees by the riverside, which was a favorite walk of hers. All at once there came bursting through the bushes a huge black dog, raving mad, with its tongue lolling out and the foam flying

from its open jaws. She snatched her dress and hoppedlessly to the ground, too much terrified even to scream.

Just then, when all seemed over, out from behind a tree (where he had been reading all the afternoon) sprang Armand de Conval, the scholar, the dreamer, the man at whom every one laughed. He ran right at the savage brute, weaponless as he was, flung his coat over its head, so as to blindfold it for an instant, and then quick as lightning seized and hurried it bodily into the river.

When the other gentlemen heard what had happened, they were greatly delighted, as you may think, and praised his courage up to the skies, but he only said: "Why do you extol me? Give the praise to God, who helped me."

The lucky "first footers" are friends and well-wishers, a kind man, a good man, a sweethearts, a kind man, who spread out their feet, those who were born feet first, a man in horseback, a man with a horse and cart. Unlucky "first footers" are thieves, pickpockets, people, criminals, deformed or weak-minded folk, a stingy man, an immoral man, a hypocrite, the hangman, a grave-digger or an underlayer, a wife, a wife who spread out their feet, those who were born feet second, a man in horseback, a man with a horse and cart.

"M. de Conval, I can never thank you enough for your bravery. I think few of these gay cavaliers who make sport of you would have faced such a death half so well."

But De Conval only smiled a smile, sweet and such as one might fancy on the face of a martyr when the flames are rising fast around him.

"Ah, my child," said he in his soft, low voice, "it is better to be doing good than to live doing nothing."

And for several days after that our young lady was strangely silent and thoughtful.

The summer passed, and the autumn came, and as winter began, to draw on over everyone made his preparations for the Jour de l'An (New Year's day), which, as you know, is one great day in France. There used to be a great fete every year at the chateau of Mortemart, and at that time it was to be over grander than ever, because the marquis had invited friends from all parts and had announced that he should give a feast on New Year's eve to all the tenants on his estate, of whom my mother was one.

So then the young gentlemen began to talk about getting up some kind of show to amuse the tenants, and M. Henri, who was always foremost in such kind of fun, cried out:

"Hark ye, gentlemen, these good people say we're wild as devils, so suppose we take them at their word. We'll dress up as demons and treat them to a demon dance."

The others shouted with laughter and said it would be just the thing; but Armand de Conval shook his head.

"For heaven's sake, my friends," said he, "don't make a jest of such things! You know that you have a right to knock on my door at night," broke in M. Henri, laughing, "but it can't matter much for poor sinners like us. I'm sure if Satan himself likes to come and meet our dame he'll be heartily welcome."

New Year's eve came at last, and the tenants were there in their best clothes, my mother and I among them. The great courtyard had been covered in with canvas and warmed by a big fire at each end, and there we had our supper. Monsieur the marquis and our young lady went out among us to see that we had enough, while the rest sat at the windows and looked on.

When supper ended, there was a sudden burst of wild music. Up went a curtain at the end of the yard, disclosing a stage painted to represent the depths of hell, and out came M. Henri and his two friends, dressed as devils, and began dancing and halting and waving burning torches till they scared us children so that we cried as loud as they did.

The fine folks at the windows clapped their hands and applauded lustily, but all at once somebody cried out:

"I thought there were only three of them. Who's the fourth?"

Aud when we looked, there were now four to be sure. Not one could tell exactly what the fourth was like, for he flitted about like a shadow, now here, now there and sometimes seeming to be everywhere at once.

Then a strange horror fell upon the whole assembly. One of us saw in his neighbor's face the terror that was upon our own. The lights blazed blue, and the air suddenly became foul and stinking, like the air of a charnel vault. And as the courtyard grew darker a pale, dismal light, like a half quenched fire, began to rise over the stage, showing us that the faces of the dancers had grown haggard and ghastly and that their dancing was like the writhings of men in mortal agony. Many of the great ladies, who had always mocked at such things and believed neither in God nor the devil, shamed, outraged, and the boldest of the gentlemen were little better.

Then, amid all the tumult and terror, for M. de Conval. Up he went to the stage and, lifting his cap, commanding face above the tortured visages of the doomed men, said softly:

"Stranger, if you are of mortal mold come forward and meet me like a man. If you are a spirit of evil, begone in the name of him who died for us all."

There came a clap of thunder that seemed to rend the very sky, and all was dark as night, but through the darkness and the silence wailed a low, dying groan. When the light came again, all the gay guests were huddled together like scared sheep, while the three dancers lay prostrate upon the stage, with their dresses all scorched and tattered as if by lightning. The terrible fourth was nowhere to be seen.

Monsieur the marquis sprang upon the stage and called to his son, but Henri made no answer. He was dead. It fared even worse with M. de Mercourt, for he, the bold, high-spirited, rock-rocket cavalier, was a hopeless idiot ever after, crying and cowering like a frightened hen. As for Gaston de St. Cyr, the shock sobered him once for all. Thenceforth he devoted his life to good works, and died long after in a foreign land, reverenced like a saint.

"And the young lady?" ask I, as Dame Madeline pauses.

"She married M. de Conval six months later, and had a happy home for where they lived many years, working manfully for their own living and beloved by all who knew them, and only two years ago their grandson (he's an officer in the American army, and such a fine fellow) came over to see the place where his ancestors had lived, and seemed quite pleased to find old Madeline still alive and hearty. So, you see, monsieur, the good can bring good works, even if the terrible fourth gave us all some-thing else to think about."

It is a little hard to tell over France that summer of 1785, and the old men shook their heads and said that if we didn't get some rain soon it would be all over with the harvest. This was bad news for us poor folks, who had little enough to live on anyhow, but upon it came another piece of news that we liked still less—namely, that several dogs of the neighborhood had gone mad and were running about the country biting every one whom they met.

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from its open jaws. She snatched her dress and hoppedlessly to the ground, too much terrified even to scream.

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He ran right at the savage brute, weaponless as he was, flung his coat over its head, so as to blindfold it for an instant, and then quick as lightning seized and hurried it bodily into the river.

When the other gentlemen heard what had happened, they were greatly delighted, as you may think, and praised his courage up to the skies, but he only said:

"Why do you extol me? Give the praise to God, who helped me."

The lucky "first footers" are friends and well-wishers, a kind man, a good man, a sweethearts, a kind man, who spread out their feet, those who were born feet second, a man in horseback, a man with a horse and cart.

"M. de Conval, I can never thank you enough for your bravery. I think few of these gay cavaliers who make sport of you would have faced such a death half so well."

But De Conval only smiled a smile, sweet and such as one might fancy on the face of a martyr when the flames are rising fast around him.

"Ah, my child," said he in his soft, low voice, "it is better to be doing good than to live doing nothing."

And for several days after that our young lady was strangely silent and thoughtful.

The summer passed, and the autumn came, and as winter began, to draw on over everyone made his preparations for the Jour de l'An (New Year's day), which, as you know, is one great day in France. There used to be a great fete every year at the chateau of Mortemart, and at that time it was to be over grander than ever, because the marquis had invited friends from all parts and had announced that he should give a feast on New Year's eve to all the tenants on his estate, of whom my mother was one.

So then the young gentlemen began to talk about getting up some kind of show to amuse the tenants, and M. Henri, who was always foremost in such kind of fun, cried out:

"Hark ye, gentlemen, these good people say we're wild as devils, so suppose we take them at their word. We'll dress up as demons and treat them to a demon dance."

The others shouted with laughter and said it would be just the thing; but Armand de Conval shook his head.

"For heaven's sake, my friends," said he, "don't make a jest of such things! You know that you have a right to knock on my door at night," broke in M. Henri, laughing, "but it can't matter much for poor sinners like us. I'm sure if Satan himself likes to come and meet our dame he'll be heartily welcome."

Then a strange horror fell upon the whole assembly. One of us saw in his neighbor's face the terror that was upon our own. The lights blazed blue, and the air suddenly became foul and stinking, like the air of a charnel vault. And as the courtyard grew darker a pale, dismal light, like a half quenched fire, began to rise over the stage, showing us that the faces of the dancers had grown haggard and ghastly and that their dancing was like the writhings of men in mortal agony. Many of the great ladies, who had always mocked at such things and believed neither in God nor the devil, shamed, outraged, and the boldest of the gentlemen were little better.

Then, amid all the tumult and terror, for M. de Conval. Up he went to the stage and, lifting his cap, commanding face above the tortured visages of the doomed men, said softly:

"Stranger, if you are of mortal mold come forward and meet me like a man. If you are a spirit of evil, begone in the name of him who died for us all."

There came a clap of thunder that seemed to rend the very sky, and all was dark as night, but through the darkness and the silence wailed a low, dying groan. When the light came again, all the gay guests were huddled together like scared sheep, while the three dancers lay prostrate upon the stage, with their dresses all scorched and tattered as if by lightning. The terrible fourth was nowhere to be seen.

Monsieur the marquis sprang upon the stage and called to his son, but Henri made no answer. He was dead. It fared even worse with M. de Mercourt, for he, the bold, high-spirited, rock-rocket cavalier, was a hopeless idiot ever after, crying and cowering like a frightened hen. As for Gaston de St. Cyr, the shock sobered him once for all. Thenceforth he devoted his life to good works, and died long after in a foreign land, reverenced like a saint.

"And the young lady?" ask I, as Dame Madeline pauses.

"She married M. de Conval six months later, and had a happy home for where they lived many years, working manfully for their own living and beloved by all who knew them, and only two years ago their grandson (he's an officer in the American army, and such a fine fellow) came over to see the place where his ancestors had lived, and seemed quite pleased to find old Madeline still alive and hearty. So, you see, monsieur, the good can bring good works, even if the terrible fourth gave us all some-thing else to think about."

It is a little hard to tell over France that summer of 1785, and the old men shook their heads and said that if we didn't get some rain soon it would be all over with the harvest. This was bad news for us poor folks, who had little enough to live on anyhow, but upon it came another piece of news that we liked still less—namely, that several dogs of the neighborhood had gone mad and were running about the country biting every one whom they met.

Now, one evening about that time Mlle. Adele went out to stroll among the trees by the riverside, which was a favorite walk of hers. All at once there came bursting through the bushes a huge black dog, raving mad, with its tongue lolling out and the foam flying

from its open jaws. She snatched her dress and hoppedlessly to the ground, too much terrified even to scream.

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